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PINDARIQUE

O N

His Majesties Birth-Day.

By Mr. *P R I O R*.

Sung before Their Majesties at *WHITEHALL*,  
The Fourth of November 1690.  
*13. Nov. 1690.*

*A Prophecy by* APOLLO.

**A**S through *Britania's* Raging Sea,  
Our Great Defender Plow'd his Glorious Way,  
To make our Wishes, and his Fame complear,  
To fix a new our sinking State,  
And fill the great Decrees of Fate.  
*Apollo* turn'd the Mistle Book,

In which Recorded lies the certain Doom  
Of Time unborn, and Years to come;  
Auspicious Omens thence he took;  
*Lawrel* adorn'd his Brow, and Joy his Look;  
Aloud he blest the happy Day,  
Whose lustre twice returned mult. fee,  
Truth Restored, and *Albion* Free.  
Aloud he bad the mighty Months proceed,  
All Deck'd with fair Success, and Crown'd with happy Deed,  
He Smil'd, and struck the Lyre and said,

Heaven has Revers'd *Britania's* Doom,  
Her promised Day appears, her better Fate is come.  
The gentle Star, whose joyful Ray,  
Enliven'd this Auspicious Day,  
When *Holland* blest the Hero's Birth,  
Dorth with dissuive Goodness shed,  
It's larger Gifts, o're *Britain's* rising Head,  
And thence, around the Joyful Earth.

Ye Sacred Muses, whose Harmonious lays  
 Are destin'd to Record his Praise.  
 Prepare with Solemn Joy, prepare  
 The cheerful Consort of the War:  
 Awake the Trumpets, rouse the Drums,  
 The King, the Conqueror, the Hero comes,  
 With shining Arms he deck'd the list'd Fields.  
 IO *Britannia*! They *FERNE* yeilds,  
 IO *Britannia*! Bless the Conqueror,  
 Put all thy Glory on, exert thy Power;  
 And greet thy *WILLIAM*'s happy Toil,  
 Assert the Sea, defend the Isles,  
 And on the lower World look safely down,  
 Thy Self a World alone.

See on the Continent appear,  
 Engaging Troops and ready War;  
 On Foreign Plains the British Armies shine,  
*WILLIAM* leads on, and Victory pursues,  
 And on *Sein*'s Banks the Hero well renews  
 The Glories of the *Boyme*.  
 Deliver'd *Gallia* dreading now no more,  
 Tyrannick Might, and Lawless Power,  
 Obeys her Ancient Conqueror.  
 O're *Europe* freed Victorious *WILLIAM* Reigns,  
 And sullen War, and vanquished Pride,  
 Behind his Chariot Wheels are Tide  
 In Everlasting Chain.

Bid the Drums and Trumpets cease,  
 And Tune the softer Instruments of Peace;  
 All that through Speaking Pipes convey  
 Sounds of Delights, and Images of Joy;  
 All that by Artful Charms, or Vocal Wires,  
 In happy Numbers gently can Express,  
 All the Pleasure all the Bliss,  
 That *WILLIAM*'s Cares Deserves, or *MARY*'s Love Requires.

*MARIA* now no longer Feat  
 The doubtful Chance of horrid War;  
 No longer Arm thy Hero with thy Prayer,  
 To Battle he no more shall Ride,  
 No more for Thee, and His *Britannia* Bleed,  
*Saturnian* Ages are renewed, and Golden Times succeed  
 The shining Years begin their happy Race,  
 With Conquer'd Crown'd, and Bless'd with Peace.

Fair Plenty opens wide her bounteous Hand,  
 And throws her Gifts o're all the Land.  
 Virtue does with Heaven conspire,  
 To make *Britannia*'s Joys entire,  
 Whilst *WILLIAM*, and whilst *MARY* Reign,  
*Astrea* has forsook the Stars,  
 And joyned her Throne to *Theirs*,  
 Nor shall return from Earth again,  
 Whilst *WILLIAM*, and whilst *MARY* Reign.